

Evening Ledger PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY C. H. WHELAN, President. Geo. W. Ochs, Secretary; John C. Martin, Treasurer; Charles H. Linton, Philip S. Collins, John B. Williams, Directors.

Get Busy THE directors of the Union Traction Company met yesterday, proceeded to declare the regular dividend and adjourned. The unparalleled generosity with which the city proposes to treat the property of the Union Traction Company in the construction of high-speed traction lines merits and should receive from the company the favor of immediate action relative to its contemplated participation in the transit program.

Throwing Away Money OFFICIAL primary expenses in Philadelphia County last year and this were entirely out of reason, according to Auditor General Powell, who refuses to approve certain vouchers presented by the County Commissioners. "I will not," he declares, "pay a higher price per thousand for printed ballots than it would require to have the ballots engraved."

Making the Best of the Boy THE average boy is an undeveloped Titan. Within his agile frame there are packed and pent the forces that are to last him through the forty or fifty years of strenuous manhood. When he gets into trouble it is for the simple reason that some of his energy rebels against the bounds that are set for it.

The Passing of Admiral Mahan ADMIRAL MAHAN had the rare distinction of serving his country as a brave and resourceful seaman and of serving the world as a scientific historian. As the biographer of Farragut and Nelson he showed insight and descriptive power; but it is rather as an authority upon naval strategy that he will be remembered.

Separating the Sheep and the Goats IT IS reported that there will be no change in the commutation rates of railroads operating out of New York to the south. This may be due to the refusal of the Erie to join in the contemplated arrangement, that road and others apparently being content with an increase in mileage rates and through tickets.

Stabbing the Housing Law JOHN P. CONNELLY, chairman of the Finance Committee of Councils, practically serves notice that there will be no appropriation for the enforcement of the housing law, and the word of John P. Connelly is law so far as the committee over which he presides is concerned.

Wards of the Whole World ONLY a few weeks ago Belgium was one of the happiest nations upon earth. Her population was industrious and frugal, her manufactures were humming the song of prosperity, her homes were snug and happy. There was an air of contentment and a sane and healthy enjoyment in living such as few other communities might boast.

RESURGAM COUNCILS

with the railways in their demand for higher freight rates and to join with them in their protest against extra crew laws and other gouging impositions of the same sort is even more likely to resent the argument that an increase in commutation rates is necessary in the vicinity of Philadelphia and not necessary in the vicinity of New York.

Public policy should not permit a railway to make its bed and refuse to lie in it. The roads have built the suburbs. They have encouraged their development. They are under definite obligations to every commuter to maintain the efficiency of their service, and do it at a minimum of cost.

As usual, Mr. Connelly is quick with a plausible excuse. There is no man in local public life more apt than he in confusing issues. He is particularly happy when offering the people a substitute for what they really want. So, quite naturally, he intimates that Philadelphia cannot have its housing law because the money is required to assist the poor.

Today the Belgians are the wards of the whole world. If the brave men and gracious women of other lands shall desert them now it will be fouler even than the atrocities and barbarities of the war itself.

Various organizations are doing splendid service. The all-star performance in the Academy of Music yesterday received the support it merited and the grand concert on Friday night deserves full patronage.

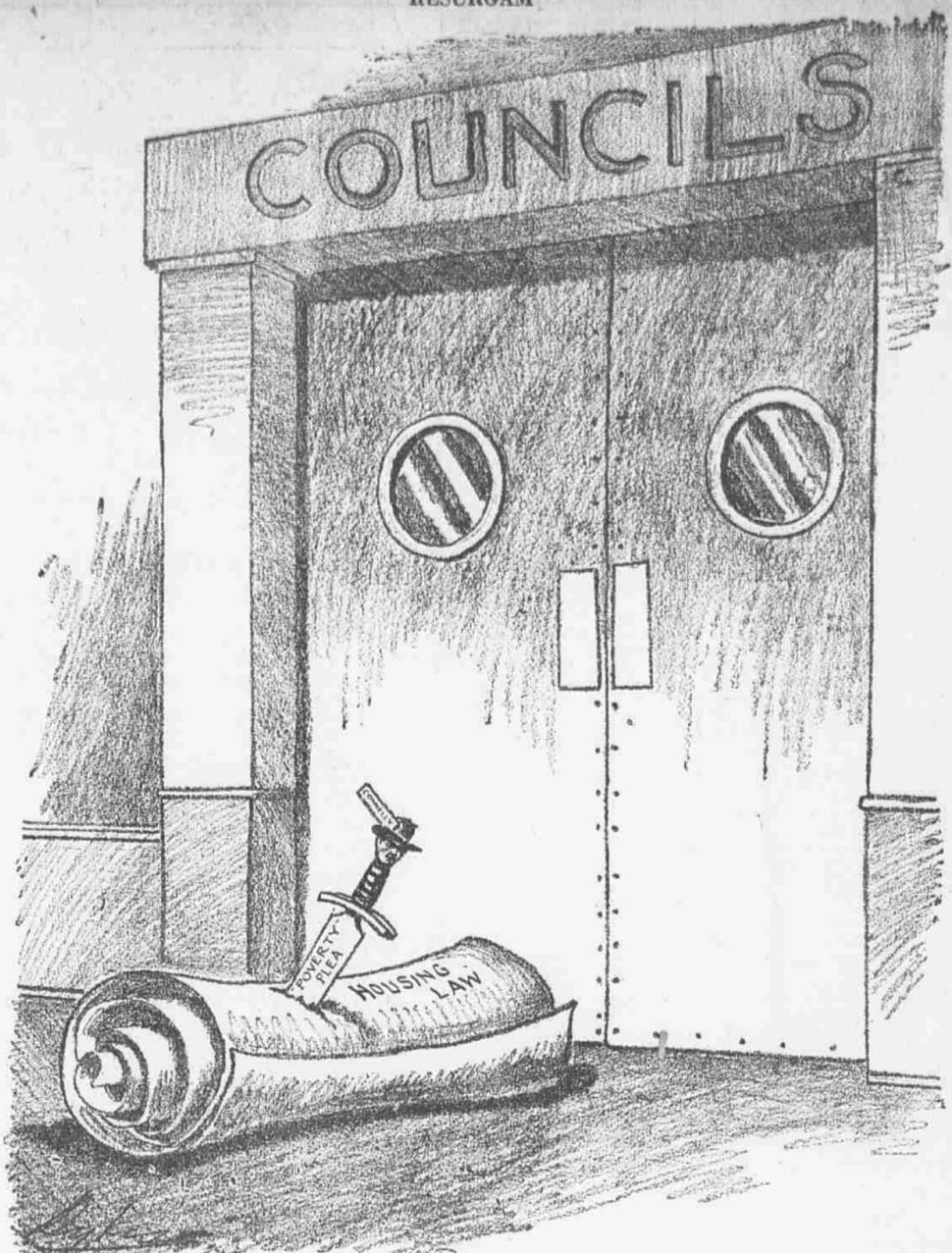
There was no one else such a girl could fall in love with. That Croker's millions are peddled to Croker had nothing to do with the case. That they could not be separated from him, except by death, was not to the point.

What was important to her frank, savage way of thinking was that Croker got them by conquest. He was a conqueror. The scalps dangling from his roof tree, the ponies rolling in his yard, were signs of his prowess.

Lowering the cost of living has not been such a failure as it might have been. There are some things that cost no more now than they did two years ago.

Emerson's remark about consistency being a hobgoblin hardly applies to the widely varying official reports issued by the opposing European war offices.

Germany is threatened with a beef famine because of the failure of its barley crop. Yet only a few weeks ago it was accumulating gleefully the stock of the czar in abolishing vodka as a Russian national beverage.



SPLENDID ADVENTURE IN MATRIMONY

How Big Chief Croker and an Indian Princess Found Romance Through the Mutual Compulsion of Big Elemental Personalities—Hardy Old Warrior Loved for His Scars, Not For His Millions

BY VANCE THOMPSON

I WAS in the smoking room of a famous club the other evening. Of course, like all clubs, it was anonymous and the members were nameless, so far as outsiders are concerned.

There in the smoking room were politicians, bankers, men of affairs and of public life—old and young. And as the fashion is, most of them were cynics by profession—an unprofitable tribe. What they talked about was the marriage of Richard Croker and the Cherokee girl.

Now the unanimous verdict of that club—and it represents New York opinion—was that a red-skinned girl had married an old man for his millions.

There was a red-skinned girl who had run about on bare heels among blanketed Indians until she was 12 years of age. A wild thing, but in her the soul of a princess—a raiding princess. What she raided was the white man's civilization and the white man's culture.

And she looked over the heads of mankind and said to herself, "Where's my man?" With what biped could this red eagle mate? There was never an Indian loved money. That is why they are dying out of our absurd civilization.

My children cry in our house the World, neglected and hard-oppressed—Is my right not then to command all men to be still while the children rest?

OVERCOATS

An overcoat is a sort of supercoat, designed for defense. Against a good thick overcoat a hostile winter can charge vainly for months, retiring with great losses in the spring.

The overcoat is the logical division between the broad line and the pay check. It is the first thing a man buys after he has acquired a job and the last thing he pawns while watchfully waiting for the eminent financiers of the land to get over their regular attacks of tenth year shivers.

Overcoats tell much more to the careful observer than the palms of the hands. When a man wears a broadcloth coat with a Persian lamb collar it is a sign that he will curse fervently when the income tax is mentioned.

Occasionally one also discovers an elderly man with iron gray hair wearing an overcoat with billows of furry collar and cuffs. In this case one should mention the stage with caution unless he is willing to spend the rest of the afternoon hearing about Broadway.

THE HOUSEKEEPER

Oh, Woman, what is the thing you do, and what is the thing you cry? Is your house not warm and inclosed from harm, that you thrust the curtain by? And have we not toiled to build for you a peace from the winds outside.

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THE SUFFRAGE CONVENTION

Dignity, Earnestness and Sagacity of the Gathering an Evidence of Women's Fitness for Vote.

Regardless of whether or not the Pennsylvania suffragists are going to lead their cause to victory in 1915—and some of their most ardent well-wishers are of the opinion that so long as the liquor interests continue to be of dominating importance in the politics of the State—the hopes of linking it up with suffrage visionary at best—the one great fact which stands revealed at the present time, and which was forcibly demonstrated at the recent convention at Scranton is that Pennsylvania women are not only eager for the ballot, but what is more to the point, are ready for it.

No one could have viewed the caution which they moved without feeling that it was an eloquent refutation of the will-wisp hysteria of which the sex has been often accused, or have contemplated the which they devoted—a careful analysis of the situation in Pennsylvania, without realising the magnificent contradiction of the cheap, light-headed short-sightedness it was. A cheap, inconsequential chatter about mental unfitness to take part in the affairs of government, all the silly, clap-trap talk of the "defeminization" of the vote for advocate were reduced to dust and ash in this representative assemblage.

The modern suffragist, as exemplified by Pennsylvania delegate is no "dodo," contrary, she is more apt to prove a breaker than an eyesore; a fascinating person rather than a fanatical bore. She knows when to wiggle her husband's ear and rumple up his curls in bright around to her viewpoint, and she knows a strong dose of John Stuart Mill, Huxley, Olive Schreiner, administered before, and after meals, will be the most means of gaining her ends. And it is never or prophet to say that when a begins to comprehend all these things, is not far away.

With the possible exception that it is a bit more serious, a bit more dignified and great deal more energetic, this convention differed in no great measure from the typical man's. There was the same tug between the radicals and the conservatives, the same proportion of striking personalities and colorless nonentities, noticeable in every large gathering.

The Woman Suffrage Association of Pennsylvania exhibited but one ambition in its convention, and on this they stood as united as the links of an endless chain. No congress ever saw a greater unanimity of desire. They want the vote, one and all, and they want only the vote. After that they ask for nothing more. Because after that they will have to ask for nothing more. They will be in position to get what they want.

The two extremes of the suffrage cause, the "ant" and the militant, received small consideration from the convention. And rightly so. The drunkard, who is a practical temperance cause, because he preaches what he practices, would never be considered for a minute as a serious opposition to the cause. Nor was it thought that Carrie Nation, possibly the greatest militant the world has ever known, did any big damage to prohibition circles.

The Pennsylvania women adopted the same attitude toward the "ant" and the militant as the temperance leaders take toward the drunkard and Carrie Nation. The former is to be converted, if possible, or ignored, if not. The latter to be frowned upon or laughed at—doesn't much matter which.

When the rampaging Carrie took out her hatchet ever so often and began hitting things up to the right and left of her, poor those at a distance, at least—unless they thought the lady a bit crazy. Those in the vicinity probably didn't stop to think, so were they dodging. No one, however, for a minute that because one champion cause ran amuck the movement was a harum-scarum one.

No open-minded man would refuse to his ballot for religion or temperance, because there were Carrie Nations everywhere.

The suffrage convention frowned on Carrie Nation-Emmeline Pankhurst tact applied to the campaign in the Keystone. Moreover, they declared against spectacle of any sort, and registered the stamp of approval on the State-wide demonstration which was to take the form of a pure Harrisburg, suggested by an insurgent, was not sentiment. It was real spirit, real sense. Parades have been tried here, found wanting. Conservatism, on the contrary, has shooed the cause along a distance, and who knows but what it will take it the whole way?

When Mrs. Frank M. Boessing, president of the association, whose personal influence and who has always been for free policy, conducted along dignified, her chair and taking the floor, from the national suffragists from New Washington in 1913, when only a few of Pennsylvania was invaded by a storm, the demonstration cast the lot three votes in the Legislature cold shower over the radicals, cast of such intensity, that they had to out when the gathering adjourned.

That question irrevocably as a basis of outlining a construction continued, with the result of an on a more solid, a more optimistic basis than ever.